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The Pathfinder

December-January, 1909-10

POELEMBERG

By GEORGE B. ROSE



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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VOLUME FOUR

The editor begs to announce for volume four of THE PATHFINDER the following prose articles: Under the general title of *Aspects of Recent Prose-Writers*, two of which have already appeared, *e. g.* Benson and Arnold, Mr. Julian Park, of Williams College, will write on Ruskin, Hearn, Wilde, Henley, Symonds and Hardy; Mr. G. B. Rose will continue his art essays with criticisms on Poelemburg, Albert Moore, Palma Vecchio, Mantegna and Albert Dürer; Miss Jeannette Marks, of Mt. Holyoke College, will contribute a series of short essays under the title *Lyra Mortis: the English Pastoral Elegy*; brief appreciations of the pastoral lyric from the pen of one of America's most delightful writers in that field, J. R. Hayes, of Swarthmore College; a series on the French lyric by the editor; occasional articles on subjects pertinent to the purpose of the little journal have been promised by some of the leading English and American essayists.

THE PATHFINDER in its inclusion of poetry will endeavor to maintain the general level of excellence which has won for it the high approval of a well-known English poet.

During the year special numbers will be devoted to Tennyson and Petrarca.

The Pathfinder

Vol. IV]

DECEMBER-JANUARY, 1909-10

[Nos. 6-7

VALHALLA

By INGRAM CROCKETT

Behold! ye revellers in war's lofty halls,
Swine-fed and glorying in deeds of might,
A myraid skulls salute you, and the light
Of ravished homes in ghastly pallor falls
Across your feast—ay 'en the death worm crawls
Upon your board in horrid writhings white:
Stark loathsomeness stands wanton in your sight,
And awful blood-drops gather on your walls.

Oh, blind, blind, blind—ye will not see but lift
Your tankards brimming with the blood of earth
Of vivid sight might strike thro' your mad mirth
As strikes the lightning, that one moment's space
You might behold how hideous is the place!

*POELEMBERG**By* GEORGE B. ROSE

I have never been able to understand the prejudice that exists against those Dutchmen who went to Italy to learn the secret of beauty. It is all right for a Fleming, like Rubens or Van Dyck, to go to Italy, and we rejoice in the spirit of freedom and the love of beauty which came to them there. But for a Dutchman just across the river to go is deemed an act of treason. It is true that some poor Dutchmen without imagination or a conception of classic grace lost in Italy their firm hold of the real and the commonplace without grasping the ideal: but that has happened to men of all nations, and the Dutchman who sought the secret of Italy's perennial charm is no more blameworthy than the rest.

While some failed in the purpose of their Italian journey, others brought home a rich harvest of new impressions, and wedded their wonderful Dutch technic to Southern dreams of beauty; and among the foremost of these was Poelemberg. His little pictures are visions of loveliness, finished with all the perfection of his

Dutch training, but infused with the charm and grace of Italy. Usually they are landscapes with ruins in the foreground and a luminous distance that draws the eye on and on. While he learnt the secret of their beauty and their sense of space from those wonderful landscape backgrounds of the masters of the Italian Renaissance, his pictures have about them a warmth of coloring and a minuteness of finish that are all their own. They are always subject pictures, with little figures, exquisitely painted, that lend a human interest to the landscape, and usually they tell some story of classic legend.

For these subjects he is berated, it being assumed that a Dutchman has no right to love the myths of Greece and Rome; and no doubt to the hard Calvinism of Holland they were offensive. But there is no reason why we should share in the narrowness of his countrymen or refuse the revelation of beauty, no matter whence it comes. He is also abused for painting ruins. But why he should refuse to paint them we cannot understand. The ruins of Italy are as real as the straw-thatched cottages of his native land. They are things of beauty which we journey far to see. Why, then, should we not rejoice to find them in a picture?

His works are not merely beautiful: they possess the most precious of all qualities in art—charm. It is hard to define charm; but it is the thing that endears a picture to the heart. There are works of faultless perfection that leave us cold and which we never wish to see again; but the things that charm us we want about us all the time. Poelemborg's pictures are things to live with. So small that we can hold them in our hands and so rich in finished detail that we can never see all that they contain, they are, with their rich coloring and their serene beauty, an everlasting delight.

There are several in private ownership in America. One of these is exceptional in the size of the figures, which, instead of being mere incidents of landscape, are the principal subject, leaving the landscape as a mere background. On a height before some classic ruins overgrown with verdure, Diana and her nymphs appear. She stands facing the spectator in her unclothed beauty. Beside her sits one of her nymphs of a voluptuous fullness of figure that forecasts Rubens. She points out to Diana something that is happening in the plain below, but which we do not see. The light is concentrated on these two figures, which

are painted with a brilliancy of tone that reminds one of the mighty Fleming, and with an exquisite finish that the most accomplished painter on ivory could not excel. The satiny sheen of young flesh could not be better rendered. In these days, when Mr. Sargent and his fellows dominate the scene, when a picture is expected to be only a brilliant sketch in which every stroke of the brush is made as conspicuous as possible, it is the fashion to deride this perfection of finish, where the marks of the brush are not to be detected with a magnifying glass; but the men who deride it are incapable of reproducing it. And there are some of us who love the old way, who do not think that painting should be confounded with golf and the palm awarded to him who gets there with the fewest strokes; but who think that the result is more important than the method of its achievement, and are content that an artist shall proceed in his own way, making brilliant sketches if that is his gift, or finishing with elaborate perfection if he has the patience and the skill. For such the marvelous skill and patience of Poolemberg, who can paint on wood with a delicacy that few achieve on ivory or porcelain, is a delight to the eye.

And how well the master knows how to subordinate the rest of the figures to the lovely Diana and the voluptuous nymph upon whom he wishes to concentrate our gaze! The other nymphs are not neglected or merely sketched in, as a modern painter would do. They are painted as perfectly as the principal figures, but in a lower tone. The result is that while they do not call the eye away from the dominant forms, yet when it strays to them, it lingers delighted upon their perfectly modeled forms.



ULTIMA

By VIRGINIA FRAZIER BOYLE

Ambition lights a thousand taper gleams,
That burn from sun to sun;
Within the heart of Duty, shines a star,
But only one.

Ambition, fleetest couriers proclaim
On golden trumpets gleaming as they run;
But Duty only hears a whispered word,—
“True heart! well done!”

*BEAUTY AND MEMORY**By* JAMES BRANNIN

The soul stands between the desire to retain her possession, and the desire, even by loosening her grasp on the things possessed, to acquire what is not yet hers. These desires are not to be confused with the conservatism and radicalism of men of affairs. The Conservative may desire to conserve only the plunder of revolution, his abbey from its ecclesiastical family, his parks from their tillers and possessors from immemorial time. The Radical may be a Rienzi, dreaming the dream of ancient glory, or a Saviour to carry man back to the first dawn in Eden.

These combatant desires are rather on the one hand for the intoxication of novelty, and on the other for the peace of familiarity. They make the war of the flesh and spirit, of the nerves which are capable of responding only to new excitement, and the conscious soul, whose existence is but a pageant of ancient memories. That doctrine of memory which Plato had from Pythagoras holds more truth than modern philosophy admits. It does not fall with the fan-

tasy of the metempsychosis. Rather it is part and parcel of the last word of physical psychology. Memory is more than those impressions which we have retained from our own brief existence, and we have a greater heritage from our fathers than blind instinct and mechanical habit; we love as they loved, their faith is coined in our spiritual tendencies, and the rationalistic soul worships in the old cathedral. This heritage of love is called the sense of beauty, if it is turned to sensuous images. We call those things beautiful which in the long succession of our ancestral days we have always seen. They rest the soul with a sense of its own stability; they quiet a splendid avarice of ours with an assurance that we own what will never be taken away from us.

Violets now, wind flowers next week, bloom as they bloomed in Paradise. The rain falls as it fell then, and the colour and prophecy of clouds has not changed. The ebb and flow of the tide answers with the same motion, the same compelling mother-star. The heavens change not. Nature's motion is a little circle eternally retraced, and the journeys of Uranus are not outnumbered by the miles of his path. Yet all things pass, and nothing remains, and the

doctrine of Spencer is founded on the old doctrine of Heraclitus. What if the Perpetual Flow be indeed the law of the universe? to us it is as if it were not so; for the motion of the world is slow and easeful, and not even ancestral memory can mark its gradual speed. Our history writes no changes but human changes, changes in phases and in forms, on which we set our foolish affections to see them crushed. That which we have made,—our wealth, our kingdoms, our ideals, our systems of faith and morality,—pass as we have made them, in a day or a century. As the period of gestation is the period of life, and that which a morning brings forth in an evening shall pass away.

But the soul is not ephemeral, though the desires of the heart die with the sun that warmed them. Why should those desires follow so eagerly the fitful and uncertain? Men grow wiser now and then. When change and revolution press too hardly on us we turn passionately to the changeless face of Nature, and lie close in the long-abiding. Theocritus saw the passing of the glory of Greece, but the Dorian meadows still heard the bleat of the nimble goats, and the laughter of morn-lipped Ama-

ryllis. Wordsworth saw Freedom strangled by the Great Brigand, but the lake of Windermere was no less limpid by its marge of daffodils, and the eternal solemnity of manhood bows not before the coming and going of dynasties.

The soul is from everlasting to everlasting, and her voice, which is beauty, is the voice of the oldest things. The instincts we have inherited from forgotten generations, through thousands, it may be through millions of years, find expression in the most exquisite and desirable sensations, in the mother's caress of her young child, in the scent of morning air, the coolness of water to the thirsty. Ancient and necessary movements and postures of the body, the labourer over plough or mattock, the muscles in running or in sleep, the rider of the horse, the caster of the ball, reveal the beauty of the human form with a sudden and yet familiar delight, as of a thing remembered out of infinite time. It is not affectation that leads the poet to speak freely of the ship and the plough, and to halt and grow dumb before the steam-engine and the electric carriage. Even now the rifle and the press, because our grandsires used them, are beginning to

grow generous and take their places with sword and pen in a harmonizing mist of affection and memory.

The soul has more ancient memories than the oldest of implements, hence more beautiful. The colours we have seen these many thousand of years in sky and sea and flower, the Uranian curve, the ever and never changing wave, the lone remembered undulance of breast and limb, these are beauty, for they change not. The unity of the air, blueing everything in daylight, casting a mantle of redness or gold over dawn and evening, is the harmony of the eye. Can we say that these things are absolutely beautiful? or that there is an absolute beauty? Rather they call out of an old past, and awaken the heartbeats of all our generations to beat again in our hearts, faintly and afar. That ancient call is beauty; and even in music, who sweetly dares us tell whence she comes, the sense of the eternal call is strong, nay, stronger there than elsewhere for its mystery; and we feel, as a sleeper who remembers and cannot remember, that the viols speak to us of our own.

All things pass away, but the soul remains, and stirs and trembles before the vision of her long, long youth. Whether the universe be her

—

illusion or the ancient furniture of her house, her thought or her deed, is one with her. The soul remains and remembers, and her memory is Beauty.

—++—

PRAVER TO BRAGI

By JOYCE KILMER

The world-rocking roar of the thunder, the red lightning's death-dealing flash,
The wind that rends mountains asunder, the tempest's sharp blood-bringing lash,
Beneficent silvery rivers that stream from the dream-laden moon,
And crimsoning fire that delivers bound life at the sun's freeing noon,
These swell like a marvelous ocean all throbbing and leaping and strong,
O Bragi! in thy magic potion of pain and of sweetness and song.

The life-blood of Krasir was taken, sharp heart-seeking knives made him bleed,
But still shall his spirit awaken in singers who drink of thy mead.
The honey from forests of flowers poured out as the milk from the kine,
It flows through the undying hours from lips that are wet with thy wine.
O Bragi, dear Master of Singing! song-thirsty I beg for thy dole,
To thy knees a suppliant clinging, I pray for a draught from thy bowl.

*"A PRETTY LITTLE ROBIN RED-
BREAST OF A MAN"*

By WARWICK JAMES PRICE

"He is a Member of Parliament and a poet; a Tory who does not forget the people, and a man of fashion with sensibilities, love of virtue and merit among the simple, the poor and the lowly." Thus Charles Sumner of Richard Monckton Milnes, in an endorsement that well might call attention to the man at this time, just turned of the centennary of his birth, were it not that the present-day world has been all but surfeited, during the year of grace, last, past by anniversary celebrations in honor of so many men whose names are of greater magnitude,—Poe and Holmes, Lincoln and Gladstone, Tennyson and Darwin, Calvin and the never-to-be-denied Dr. Samuel Johnson. Yet Milnes was of an attractiveness and is of an interest to give full warrant for his recalling. A man praised by Fanny Kemble as an ideal friend, by Florence Nightingale for his broad humanities, by James Bryce as a publicist, by Motley for his speaking, by DeVere for his verse; who was the lifelong intimate of Thack-

eray and Tennyson and Browning; who figured as "Mr. Vavasour" in the *Tancred* of the ingenious Disraeli, and whose writings on Keats still stand authoritative,—such an one is well worth a word and a thought,

Small Richard arrived in the world in Yorkshire, June 19th, 1809, and it is something of a relief to realize that there is nothing to be chronicled of his boyhood. Precocious was not in his bright little lexicon; he was merely normal; the school at Hundhill Hall cherishes no record of his doings, and when he went down to Cambridge, in the October of his eighteenth year, there was stir at neither end of the journey. It was at Trinity he matriculated, the college of Bacon and Newton, Dryden and Cowley, Byron and Macaulay, and he went into residence there at a fortunate hour, for all unconsciously he then came into that prosperity which befalls any young man who becomes one of a group of able, aspiring, ardent youths, bound together by kindred tastes and high aims in the warm, frank, stimulating fellowship which kinship of nature and pursuits ever breeds among men of imagination. Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, brother of the poet, was then Master (called "meesirable sinner" by his irreverent charges from his pecu-

liar intonation in reading the Litany responses), and among its undergraduates were Thackeray and "Omar" Fitzgerald; Charles Buller and Frederick Maurice, each of largest promise, though only the latter was to live to prove himself one of the capacious and fertile minds of his time; Spedding, the editor of Bacon, and the brothers Tennyson,—Frederick, Charles and Alfred. What those four years, from 1827 to 1831, were to mean to Milnes one may imagine (even has he not read Thackeray on the subject), from the roster of these friendships, especially if he know as well, the inspiration and academic charm which breathes through all the winding streets and bowered gardens of that town of learning, fringing the banks of the placid Cam. He entered its life a youth, but it was a man who left its shades to travel for some years on the Continent, reaching Greece in his wanderings and so entering the then little-known regions of the Near East.

The Cambridge tradition of close friendship with famous friends was to follow Milnes throughout his seventy-six years. Everyone worth knowing he knew for the two generations in which he lived: Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt and Dickens, Serjeant Talfourd, Carlyle and

Landor, Miss Mitford, Barry Cornwall and the Brownings, Froude, Miss Martineau and Gladstone, Matthew Arnold and Locker, Lamson John Bigelow and Richard Henry Stoddard, among Americans; Louise Philippe, Guizot, Thiers and Lamartine across the Channel,—these are but some of the many. One of the most characteristic letters of Sidney Smith was addressed to Milnes, then still in his early thirties, with this advice: "Never lose your good temper, which is one of your best qualities, and which has carried you hitherto safely through your startling eccentricities. . . I have laughed at you for those follies which I have told you of to your face; but nobody has more readily and earnestly assented that you are a very agreeable, clever man, with a very good heart." Nor was this faint praise, come to damn by indirection, in spite of the true words of eccentricities and follies even, for a year or two later, Carlyle, who never praised save when he must, writing to Emerson, characterized Milnes as "one of the idlest, cleverest, most gifted of fat little men." His other description of him as "a pretty little Robin Redbreast of a man" is better known but less accurately descriptive.

(Conclusion in the February number)

*LOVE'S RETROSPECT**By ESTELLE DUCLO*

Let us pause awhile, beloved, on the way,
Just to-day,
And in fancy, fleetly follow and retrace,
Pace by pace,
All the mystery and glory of the years,
(Hopes and fears).
What a wealth of garnered gladness they contain,—
Yea, and pain;
But the pain is merged, transmuted,—gold, at last;—
Precious past!
So our hearts with mem'ries quickened, swiftly praise
Treasured days.

Do you mind you how it happened long ago?
Yea, you know
When we met at time of blossoms,—Youth's good spring
Burgeoning;
And how eagerly we tasted Love's new wine—
Draught divine!
How we dreamed a dream of wonder, (built of hope)
Past earth's scope:
Brave, undaunted, how we fronted toward the sun,—
All things won:
So courageous! Yet, pursuing shadows came,—
Who to blame?

"Blame?"—Not you, nor I, dear heart, nor God on high,
Sent them nigh;
It was Life that hastened darkly, dimmed our light,
In her might:
Foe, we deemed her in those doubtful days of stress,
Now we bless

—
 Ev'ry sorrow that she brought us, ev'ry pain —
 Priceless gain! —
 What had we to lose where loss defied her will,
 Good or ill? —
 We had learned — thro' grief and joy — tho' all else
 passed,
 Love would last!



THE HIDDEN WAY

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

Could I but see for one short hour
 The inner workings of your brain,
 And find the deep, compelling power
 That prompts you ever to attain —
 Ah, would it pleasure be, or pain?

If I could sit quite calm and quiet
 And view the hidden thoughts you keep,
 And feel the undulating riot
 Of warring inclinations sweep —
 Ah, could I settle back to sleep?

If I could hold, before to-morrow,
 Your soul's still battle in my own,
 And breathe your joy and weep your sorrow,
 And live the years your heart has known —
 Ah, would I have more tender grown?

If I could fashion, like the Giver,
 An inner chamber, rare and strange,
 Where I a witness might be ever
 To every motive, every change —
 Ah, would I dare to rearrange?

*THE PASTORAL POETS**III—VIRGIL**By* JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

Think of Young Milton pensively meditating the "thankless Muse" beside some silver brook in the Horton fields, touching the tender stops of various quills and portraying in matchless verse those country labors and landscapes, antique pastimes and upland revelries, that enchanted his poet's vision, or anon touching with wealth of lettered reminiscence the deeper tone of vague melancholy that is inseparable from the cultivated mind musing the innocent joys and sorrows of the rural world. If we can thus fancy Milton amid—

Such sights as Youthful Poets dream
On Summer eyes by haunted stream,

we shall, I believe, come nearer than otherwise we might, to seeing in imagination's eye the far-off figure of young Virgil wandering under beechen shades beside smooth-sliding Mincius, while he sets to stately hexamter music his pleasing dreams of shepherd-life in that old, old Italy of his that seems to us so remote, so bathed in the hoary mists of ancient days.

Antique rural Italy seems to live again to one

who will but roam for a few days among the groves and farms of the old land. The little stone-built villages, whose origins are lost in forgetfulness,—old even in Virgil's day,—the deep-grassed meadows where simple rustics tend the white flocks, the old brown fields tilled and reaped for century on century,—these may in some measure put the traveller in touch with the Mantua of Virgil's bucolic songs. At every turn he will thrill to find the Eclogues,—their color and setting,—re-pictured. In yonder contented peasant's little grange he may see again the rustic happiness of Tityrus, whose fence of willow-trees was fraught with flowers, whose thrifty bees lulled the shepherd with soft murmur, while from lofty elms the ring-doves moaned and told their gentle grief.

Peace and golden tranquility are here, if anywhere,—

Low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words.

Here the shepherd's desires are fulfilled,—country fare of curds and cream, brimming milk pails, clustering grapes, hives that drip with honey, pastures for the flossy heifers and the woolly dams with their tender little ones. Yonder youth beneath the ilex might be another Corydon chanting to Alexis and telling how the nymphs are bringing for him their osier crates

heaped high with lilies and violets and poppies, with narcissus and fragrant fennel, twining them with casia and choosing the delicate hyacinth and marsh-marigold. Downy-cheeked quinces will Corydon give, and the chestnuts dear to his Amaryllis, and waxen plums,—all blending their fragrance and luscious bloom.

Amant alterna Camenae!—it sounds across all the centuries; Menalcas and Damoetas engage again in rustic rivalry, with friendly Palaemon as umpire. Again Mopsus and his fellow-shepherd lament the death of Daphnis and exchange gifts,—a pipe and shepherd's crook. Again does Corydon triumph in the contest of pastoral minstrelsy,—

Ex illo Corydon Corydon est tempore nobis.
Ah, truly, amid the hum of bees and drone of locusts, o'er sheep-downs sweet with flowery thyme and daffodils, in that magical land of poesy and dream,—pass before memory's eye, now moist with immemorial reminiscence, Virgil's shepherd swains and lovely girls, Tityrus and Meliboeus, Corydon and Damon and Menalcas, Amyntas and Lycidas, Galatea, Neaera and Phyllis, Nysa and Amaryllis, like young figures from the golden age. What enchantment is theirs, what pathos, what immortal charm!

VIRGIL

Reprint from J. W. MACKAIL

The greatest Greek literature has a perfection of form which has never been equalled; but that perfection is so consummate, and attained by means so simple, that it almost conceals itself, becoming dark with excess of brightness. The words seem to have fallen into their place inevitably: there is no trace of labour: it is as though what they saw or felt put itself into language by instinct and without effort. Beside Homer or Sophocles at their highest, even Milton, even Virgil, sounds heavy and artificial.

Ἐπεὶ πέπρακται ἂν τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ καλῶς,
χωρῶμεν.

so Sophocles says, and the terrible simplicity, the superhuman serenity of the words awes us into silence. With Dante again, as with Pindar, who stands alone among the Greeks, style is a passion. He flings himself upon style with a vehemence that makes everything go down before it: his language is raised as it were to a white heat, and burns where it touches. But Virgil is the perfect artist, dealing considerably with a difficult matter, melting a reluctant language in the sevenfold furnace of an intense

imagination, forging and tempering, retempering and reforging, till the last trace of imperfection disappears. The finished work carries the result of all the labour, but it is transformed into beauty. In Milton alone is there another instance of such superb continuity of workmanship, such ardour of genius fusing immense masses of intractable material and sustaining itself, by sheer force of style, at a height which is above danger, secure in its own strength. But the tenderness and sweetness of Virgil, *come colui che piange e dice*, is all his own. And to us it has come charged with the added sweetness of a thousand memories: the wreck of the ancient world, the slow reconstruction of the Middle Ages, the vast movement of later times. The fanatical self-reproaches of Saint Augustine hardly conceal the stirring of heart with which he looks back to the clinging enchantment of the *Æneid*; and we may fancy that as he lay dying in Hippo, the clamour of the siege and the cries of Genseric and his Vandals mingled in his mind with the old unforgotten romance of his boyhood, the siege and sack of Troy, *equus ligneus plenus armatis, et Trojæ incendium, atque ipsius umbra Creusæ*.¹ The earliest dawn of new light upon England found Bede, in his northern monastery, making timid attempts to copy the music of the Eclogues. Throughout the Middle

Ages Virgil was a beneficent wizard, a romance-writer and a sorcerer, his name recurring strangely among all the greatest names of history or fable. To the scholarship of the Renaissance he became a poet again, but still Prince of poets, still with something of divine attributes. For us, who inherit from all these ages, he is the gathered sum of what to all these ages he has been. But it is as a voice of Nature that he now appeals to us most; as a voice of one who in his strength and sweetness is not too steadfastly felicitous to have sympathy with human weakness and pain. Through the imperial roll of his rhythm there rises a note of all but intolerable pathos; and in the most golden flow of his verse he still brings us near him by a faint accent of trouble. This is why he beyond all other poets is the Comforter; and in the darkest times, when the turmoil within or around us, *confusæ sonus urbis et illætabile murmur*, seems too great to sustain, we may still hear him saying, as Dante heard him in the solemn splendour of dawn on the Mountain of Purgatory: "My son, here may be agony, but not death; remember, remember!"

¹ Aug. Conf. l. xiii. 4.

Recent Publications

[We regret that the illness of the editor has prevented a review of the books of this issue.]

FREDERICK S. ISHAM.—*Half a Chance*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

HAROLD MACGRATH.—*The Goose Girl*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

MAUD WILDER GOODWIN.—*Veronica Playfair*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

HELEN A. CLARKE.—*Longfellow's Country*. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1909.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—*Legends of the Alhambra*. With an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie, and illustrations in color by George Hood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1909.

REX BEACH.—*The Silver Horde*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

JACQUES FUTRELLE.—*The Diamond Master*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.—*The Lords of High Decision*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

E. B. DEWING.—*Other People's Houses*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.—*John Marvel, Assistant*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

EUNICE GIBBS ALLYN.—*The Cat's Convention*. New York: Cochrane Publishing Co. 1909.

The Daysman. New York: Cochrane Publishing Co. 1909.

FRANCIS ASBURY TAULMAN.—*The Poplars*. New York: Cochrane Publishing Co. 1909.

CALE YOUNG RICE.—*David*. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1909.

EDWARD DILLON.—*The Arts of Japan*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1909.

JOHN W. BRADLEY.—*Illuminated Manuscripts*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1909.

RICHARD BURTON.—*From the Book of Life*. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1909.

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